

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Take A Rest"

[Sugarhill Gang] "Now what you hear is not a test"
[cut up x4 by DJ Premier]

[Guru]

Well goodness gracious, let me just take this
time out to pull a rhyme out, and update this
For you and yours, simply because
Some MC's have luck but suck
So I pluck em like feathers on the back of a chicken
Cause I'm mad like a pit when my man says, "sick 'em"
Positive is the mindstate, but it could still mean that
I will kick a ill, malicious like mean rap
Suckers they forced me, to knock em all out and
They think they know things, like what I'm about and
They try to analyze criticize scandalize
The outcome is death, don't ask me to sympathize
Realize, that I'm not to be played with
I'll flip so fast, you won't know I'm the same kid
I'm tired and fed, with all the weak stuff said
All the phony-baloney, that went out like Pro-Keds
You've got no leads, so you shoot blanks
It's me the crowd thanks as I step to the top ranks
Bankin my money, and investin it wisely
Snatchin up chumps when they try to sneak by me
I'm the dominant one, call me the prominant one
And as I'm speakin I'll be bombin the dumb
deaf and blind cause I was born with a sharp mind
Eatin MC's with ease like it's lunchtime
or crunchtime, when they get done without warning
I'll bust that butt from nighttime til morning
Your song's boring, and so I'm scoring
much points cause when it's time to throw joints
I cause havoc, the mic I grab is like savage
I invade the stage, and make you get off
The force is like a three-eight, blowin your head off
And that's just in case you might be wearin a vest
Cause you're simply a pest in this mess I suggest you
"Take a rest"

[KRS-One] "If this meaning doesn't manifest, put it to rest"
[DJ Premier cuts x2]

[Guru]

Don't ever sleep son, peep one or two of these lines here
Arranged by a great brain, delivering rhymes clear
and concise with a nice dope voice and
killin the fakes like a taste of some poison

Punks are thinkin they're alla that, their voices are all flat
They're findin their names, in a Wack Rapper's Almanac
 Me follow that hollow crap, no way Jose
I'll seek out a better sound, to somethin Premier plays
 Days will go by, and soon you'll know why
 MC's like me will rise like the Enterprise
 Starship, headin straight for the target
 Destination, a place where no perpetration
 is permitted, the Guru is with it to explain
How some MC's are scared to ride on a Four train
 Or any other train in the city, for that matter
 Playin a role that they stole like a batter
 But I know they ain't so I'll paint the real picture
 My vocals go solo and like a bolo I'll hitcha
 square in your face I'll crack your ribs and your chest
 Cause you thought your off-brand jam was the best
You fessed cause you guessed people would be impressed
 I'm gonna bust that bubble on the double "take a rest"

[DJ Premier cuts "take a rest" for the chorus]

[Guru]

Sit back and reflect, ponder and chill out
Rhymes like daggers make blood spill out
 But you can't blame me, for bringin disaster
With all these ducks, claimin that they're the masters
 Only thing they mastered, is how to get wacker
 As I roll uphill, they roll downhill faster
Now they're wondering how they lost their touch
Wanna buy my rhymes but mine cost too much
I'm the innovative one, call me the creative one
 and I won't stop til the job is done
All the slobs just run when I come to get some
Cause they know better, than to challenge this go-getter
 They get bust you can trust cause I won't let a
 booty-ass rapper get wins against me?
 I guarantee that I won't act friendly
Cause crabs have a nerve and deserve to get whipped on
 Their girls get kissed on, while they get flipped on
 I slaughter and slay, or slap em up quick
 Cause the lyrics they kick make me seriously sick
 No substance, no value, but nevertheless
They're gettin daytime play but I still say they should "take a rest"

[DJ Premier cuts "take a rest" for four bars, then song fades]